

The children had a cousin in London, named Charley Moore. And one day the post-man brought Ned a letter from his cousin Charley, which said:-  
Tell me all about your house. Father says I may come and see you some day; so I want to know what sort of a place it is your home is.

Ned could write very nicely, & his mother told him how to spell the hard words: so he soon had a letter ready to post in the post office. This was what it said:

My dear <sup>cousin</sup> Charley,

I wonder if you will like our house when you come; we all like it, you know, because it is our home. There are two pea-cock's feathers over the fire-place, and two china dogs, & a hunting dog. That is in the kitchen where we all live. Mother's big rocking-chair is there and we all get into it and have a good rock. We have a shelf for our play things; and I have got ~~such~~ a big hunting top, you shall spin it when you come. We go up-stairs to bed. Dick & I sleep in a pretty little room when the ceiling comes down to the floor. When it is winter the stars shine through our window, and we say, Twinkle, twinkle.

Yours loving cousin  
Ned Brown.

20  
1819-20  
The Star.

Twinkle, twinkle little star,  
How I wonder what you are!  
Up above the world so high,  
Like a diamond in the sky.

When the blazing sun is gone,  
When he nothing shines upon,  
Then you show your little light,  
Twinkle, twinkle, all the night.  
When the traveler in the dark  
Thanks you for your tiny sparkle;  
He could not see which way to go,  
If you did not light the way.

In the dark blue sky you keep,  
Yet often through my window keep;  
For you never shut your eye  
Till the sun is in the sky.

As your light keeps tiny sparkle  
Lights the traveler in the dark.  
Though I know not what you are,  
Twinkle, twinkle, little star.

Jane Taylor.

21  
All round our Nests

Mr Brown caught out when he read Ned's  
letter, and said, "Do that all you could  
tell Charley about the house? Run out into the  
garden, more, and see what you can find  
to say about the out-sides of your house."

So off the children ran off into the garden  
first, when they stopped to have a good look  
at everything. Then they opened the gate,  
and crossed the road to the garden ~~there~~,  
and stopped to look ~~at~~ <sup>then they kept the house</sup> again.

There in they ran all screaming at once, so  
that a path was had to run out; but at a loss  
about the little one's first!

There are roses all over the house! And there  
are flowers in the windows. You can see the  
table when the door is open. There is a garden out  
front with wall-flowers and old man in it.  
There is a big dog at the gate," said little  
Dick; at which the rest laughed, and he, because  
they knew the dog would not stay there  
always.

And there is a wood out-side, & a green ~~over the~~  
way when all play, and there  
and what have we on each side of us? Oh, they  
start sides on one side & the other on the other  
there is here, let the Killy ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> about us  
the garden.

We never thought of the back! cried Ned, so  
as any day now we soon came back to tell of  
a garden with green-trees, bushes in it, and  
these here hills, ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> they and ~~but~~ <sup>but</sup> in meadowing  
out in the country ~~and~~ <sup>and</sup> very more things, besides.

## The English Girl.

Proprietary 72

Sporting on the village green,  
The pretty English girl is seen;  
By beside her cottage meal,  
Knitting on the garden seat.  
Now, within her humble door,  
Sweeping clean her kitchen floor;  
While upon the wall, so white  
Hanging her copper, polished bright.

Many never idle sits;  
She either sews, or spins, or knits,  
Hard she labours all the week  
With sparkling eye and cheek.

And on Saturday, many a day,  
Neatly dressed in decent clothes,  
Says her prayer (a constant rule),  
And hastens to the Sunday School.

Oh! how good should we be found,  
Who live on happy English ground,  
There rich and poor, and wretched may  
All learn to walk in Madam's way!

Jane Taylor.

Green gap, the village where no cattle Brown  
cow, is a ~~pleasant~~ <sup>quiet</sup> place.

The old-tages are all on one side of the street;  
and they are white & yellow; and the front of every  
old-tage is covered <sup>with</sup> ~~over~~ with roses & other  
plants that have flowers.

In front of every cottage there is a long, ~~near~~ <sup>near</sup> ~~new~~  
garden full of sweet smelling flowers.

Mrs. Lid-dy keeps the shop; and she sells every  
thing. Bread & bacon, coal & flour, books  
& glass-ware, & toli-er-ies for the little folks.  
What-ever you want, you may buy of Mrs. Lid-dy.

The church stands at the top of the  
village. The black-roofed tiled min-nels in  
a church yard trees, and crepe. Can't can't!  
to the people who come to church.

But you can hard-ly hear the nothing the  
bells make such a merr-ying noise. They  
say, Come to church! Do not loo-ter!

You'll be late!

At the other end of the old-tage, there is a  
black-smith's shop; where you may stand  
out side ~~watch~~ the red sparks fly up white  
as the Smith hammering at a horse-shoe.

But the best place of all is the village green.  
There are black-bering bushes on the green, and  
roses on purple bushes with sweet yellow blossoms  
which you can-not get at because of the fence <sup>the</sup> fence  
and here the boys play cricket in the evenings  
and the girls have a play at night, in the tag.

Happy Play & Girls' Play.

Appleton 35  
24.

"Now, let's have a game of play,  
Lucy, Jane, & little May.  
I will be a grizzly bear,  
Roaring here and prowling there;  
Sniffing round around about,  
Till I find your children out;  
And my dreadful den shall be  
Deep within the hot cow tree."

"Oh, no! please not, Robert dear,  
Do not be a grizzly bear!  
Little May was half afraid  
When she heard the noise you made,  
Roaring like a lion dropped,  
Just now as you came along;  
And she'll scream and start to night,  
If you give her any fright!"

"You're your play, and we have ours.  
Go and climb the tree again.  
I, and little May, and Jane,  
Are so happy with our flowers.  
Jane is calling for glow dolls,  
Mary and I are making posies,  
And we want to search the dolls  
For the prettiest summer robes."

W. H. Hawthorne.

I have never been in side your school, Ned, tell me what it is like.

You know what it looks like out side, father?

My, I know the red brick house with the big green doors. Some times I step out side to listen to a noisy song, or to the hum of bees. And sometimes when I pass, you noisy child run in the play ground, having great fun.

But Ned is not passing side; he work away at our house and our writing ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> desk. And if you step to play, why another boy gets down first, and gets a toy you.

But we had ~~such~~ <sup>such</sup> fun in school yesterday.

You know father, our long desks go all down the school; the first class is at the top window, and our class ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> at the bottom. And mas. ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> desk is in the middle of the room so that he can see us all standing ~~in~~ <sup>at</sup> desks. Well, just in front of mas. ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> desk there is a stool; and of a boy does not know his lessons he stands on that stool.

You Yen-pin did not know his spell ~~up~~ <sup>up</sup> lesson yesterday day, or mas. ~~is~~ <sup>is</sup> called him only and he was just steping up on to the stool, when a little ~~little~~ <sup>big</sup> green ~~came~~ <sup>came</sup> to ~~the~~ <sup>the</sup> floor. The place is pulled the stool away by the leg, so that down came Yen-pin flat upon his back. We all think it is a could not ~~be~~ <sup>be</sup> with our spell up.

Work and Play.

Sept 26

Work while you work, & play,  
While you play.

That is the way to be happy all day,

That is the way to be cheerful & gay

All that you do, do with your might!

Keep this in mind from morning  
till night.

Things done by halves are never  
done right.

One thing at a time, and that does well.

In the heat of all work, as all heat  
ever tell.

Let this ring in your head as clear  
as a bell.

Moments are useless if trifled away.

Keep this in mind through the  
live long day;

Work while you work, & play while  
you play.

Charley Moore was not well, and the doctor said he  
best thing would be ~~to~~ <sup>would be</sup> get him to go to the country  
for a month or two in the country where he could do  
nothing but <sup>have good</sup> rest. Charley was very pale, Mr. L. said; Now I shall  
see my cows in the meadow in the fields and  
pink flowers and black berries. And he  
made him out the <sup>old</sup> tell him all about the  
gap: for Mr. Moore had lie <sup>ed</sup> there when  
he was a little girl.

When Charley went to school he ~~had~~ <sup>was</sup> ~~to~~ <sup>in</sup> his ~~paper~~ <sup>book</sup>  
to the boy who said: I am going to  
green fat? And when play time came the  
boy ~~for~~ <sup>had</sup> ~~not~~ <sup>had</sup> hair in a comb, and he  
old man all his mother had told  
him about the ~~play~~ <sup>had</sup> green country,  
and the woods, & the flowers, & the birds,  
& the green fields.

John my wife on a little lame boy with a  
wide face, began to cry; and the boy answer-  
ed that was the matter with him. But poor  
bit the other my hand would not meet  
as a <sup>yet less</sup> buttercup grow up; and he  
long eat for the green fields in summer,  
how very long for his dear son. So  
that was why he cried.

John y. lived in a court, and so did Charley  
and most of the boys in their school. They  
were houses on both sides of the way, and  
lined across. Now the ~~old~~ <sup>new</sup> houses in the court  
and they were steps between the houses where  
the babies & little children sat a long ~~time~~  
~~time~~ to play ~~and~~. And when you get  
out of the court you are in a nice street ~~and~~  
~~walks~~ now in a ~~time~~ of the man ~~about~~ & in  
duty now in a ~~time~~ of the man ~~about~~ & in